

SEYMORE DAILY REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME XXXIII NO. 309

SEYMORE, INDIANA, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1908.

PRICE TWO CENTS

RAILROAD RUMOR

Sale or Lease of Southern Indiana Reported Again.

The reported sale of the Southern Indiana comes to the front again. A dispatch from Bloomington adds to the report that went out from Linton a few days ago. Both of these reports relate to a rumor that the Illinois Central has either purchased or leased the John R. Walsh railroad properties and that plans are being perfected to adopt the policies inaugurated by Mr. Walsh, which he was not financially able to carry out. The Indianapolis Southern, the new road out of Indianapolis into the coal fields, is now a part of the Illinois Central and if the same system has control of the Southern Indiana it will have a big advantage over other roads in the Indiana coal and stone field.

The Illinois Central is a big system and it would doubtless put the Walsh properties on a paying basis in a short time. Several other railroad systems have looked with favor on the Southern Indiana and it is said some of them have been trying to get control of the property for more than two years.

Sunday School Reports.

ATTENDANCE COLLECTION

Methodist	144	2 85
Baptist	173	4 39
Presbyterian	75	1 15
German Methodist	76	93
Central Christian	52	1 06
Nazarene	46	3 68
St. Paul	54	1 04
Woodstock	31	1 15
Total	651	\$16 25

The attendance at most of the Sunday Schools was reduced slightly Sunday on account of the rain. The attendance for December is always good and if the weather is at all favorable the reports for next Sunday will be much better.

Missionary Tea.

The ladies of the Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. church will hold their quarterly tea meeting Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Henry Bergdall on west Fourth street. An excellent program has been prepared. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Early Announcement.

The managers of the Crothersville Fair makes an early announcement for their fair next year. The date fixed is Aug. 31 to Sept. 3, 1909. H. M. Lett is the president of H. L. Bridges the secretary.

Dreamland Tonight.

"Determined Lovers," and "Bachelor's Baby." Latest Pictorial Ballad, "The Nightingale and Violet." A special Tuesday night.

Mrs. Elias Champion and grandson, Wallace Verner, returned home this morning from a visit with relatives at Shelbyville.

Richart

For Shoes and Rubbers

We carry the best line of medium priced Shoes you can find on the market. We have them in all leathers for ladies, men, girls and boys. We have just received a nice line of Low Heel Shoes for big girls, both in button and lace. Just the shoe for school wear. There is no doubt that our stock of Rubber Goods is the most complete in the city.

Yours For Shoes

RICHART

Opposite Interurban Station

Moved Band Organ.

Charles Nicholson took his band organ to Brownstown Monday afternoon where he and James Bosley are conducting a skating rink. They opened the rink last week and are having a good patronage. A number of people from Seymour have already skated at the rink and others will go down when the weather becomes more favorable. On account of the poor railroad accommodations it is impossible to go down from here any other way than to drive.

Help The Shoppers.

The readers of the REPUBLICAN look for store news everyday. They're now making their Christmas shopping lists and have been helped by suggestions already found in the space used by some of the merchants. They keep an eye on what the merchants say to the public.

Attention Woodmen!

Election of officers for the year 1909 at the regular meeting Wednesday night. All members urged to be present.

W. H. LEMP, C.
d2d
GEO. F. MEYER, Clerk.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Weekly arrived this morning and will visit with relatives and friends at Surprise, Columbus and other places. They formerly lived near Surprise and moved to Colorado in the fall of 1907. They are well known in the northwest part of Jackson county.

Miss Clara Firsich and Miss Lillian Reinhart, both of North Vernon, returned home Sunday afternoon after being here a few days the guest of Miss Mayme Reinhart, of South Broadway.

Roger Craig returned to Indiana University today after spending a few days with his parents at West Reddington. He graduated from the Seymour high school last spring.

Chief Moritz took James B. Hobson and Geneva Hall to Brownstown this morning to serve out jail sentences given them in the Mayor's court.

John R. Barick, of Upper Sandusky, O., is spending two weeks here with his brother, M. A. Barick and family.

Amizoni Montgomery came over from North Vernon this morning where he has been for the past few days.

The Postal telegraph messenger is out today in a brand new "regulation" uniform, including suit and cap.

Advertised Letters.

The following is a list of letters remaining in the postoffice at Seymour and if not called for within 14 days will be sent to the dead letter office.

LADIES.

Miss Lolla Banks.

Miss Ruby Pickett.

GENTS.

John Bajorek.

Mr. E. D. Emery.

T. J. Kern.

Mr. Sam Lucas.

Mr. J. R. Stewart.

WM. P. MASTERS, P. M.

Seymour, Nov. 30, 1908.

PROPOSED LAW

To Give Railroad Commission Power Over Public Utilities.

A complete public utilities bill, giving the railroad commission wide power over all public utilities of the State and carrying a maximum appropriation of \$52,000, has just been published in pamphlet form, and copies are being distributed over the state.

This bill has been patterned after the Wisconsin law, but with amendments suggested by Wisconsin officials who know the weaknesses of their own law after giving it a trial.

The purpose of this proposed law is to broaden the scope of the Railroad Commission and give it authority over public service corporations, such as telephones, telegraph companies, lighting companies, water companies, etc., just as it now has authority over railroads. New York has such a law as well as Wisconsin.

The belief of men who have studied this question is that such a commission will be good for the public service corporations as well as the people. The bill that has been prepared will be introduced early in the next session of the legislature.

Closed Meeting.

Rev. Harley Jackson arrived here Monday morning from Mitchell where he was engaged for three weeks in a meeting at the Christian Church. He reports a very successful meeting.

There were 36 additions to the church

24 of whom were men and women of families.

Last Wednesday noon Mr. Jackson spoke to about 800 men at the big cement plant.

Sunday Miss Anna Carter, of this city sang at both

the morning and evening services conducted by Mr. Jackson.

Before Mr. Jackson came home the church board held a meeting and asked him to return next fall for a meeting of six weeks.

Red Cross Stamps.

The American National Red Cross has issued a beautifully engraved Christmas stamp for attaching to Christmas packages. These stamps do not carry any kind of mail, but any kind of mail will carry them.

They sell at one cent each and the proceeds are used to stamp out the white plague. This plan was started last year in another state, the stamps became so popular that funds were obtained sufficient to do effective work.

The stamps sold in Indiana will be used to establish a hospital in this state. They may be obtained at the REPUBLICAN office or at W. F. Peter Drug Co.

Uniontown Institute.

The farmers Institute at Uniontown will be held tomorrow and several will go from Seymour. The people there announce free dinner to visitors and they will be able to take care of all who go. John Q. Foster will be in charge and has arranged a good program. This will be the first institute this season. The second institute will be at Brownstown on Wednesday this week.

Mr. A. J. Pellens is pleased to announce to his customers that he has secured the agency for Zemo, the best known remedy for the positive and permanent cure of Eczema, Pimples, Dandruff, Blackheads, Piles and every form of skin or scalp disease. Zemo gives instant relief and cures by destroying the germ that causes the disease, leaving a nice clear healthy skin. See display and photos of cures made by Zemo.

Porter Cooper, the small son of John Cooper, of Washington county, was instantly killed recently by a tree burning down and falling upon him crushing his head.

Hamilton county is building some of the most expensive gravel roads in the state. Contracts are being let for nine miles of gravel road which are to cost \$80,000.

Some of the I. U. students who have been at home on their Thanksgiving vacation returned to Bloomington on the early B. & O. train this morning.

Sherman Day and Andy Huber have returned from New Albany where they went to load six cars of new machinery for the Woolen Mill.

Miss Lydia Harlow and Miss Koop went to Cincinnati Sunday where they will stay till next spring.

The Progressive Music Co. sold a fine Auto Marquette Piano to Mrs. Geo. Swezey Saturday.

Sprenger's barber shop is the best.

Drouth Broken.

The drouth has at last been broken, or at least to a great extent alleviated. Yesterday was the first rainy Sunday Seymour has seen for many weeks and the rainfall was not heavy. However in other places the rain was heavier and from the southwest comes the report of great floods. In Oklahoma three thousand people were rendered homeless. The drouth this year has been unusually long and has extended practically throughout the country. Many rivers are the lowest they have ever been known and most of the streams are lower than they have been for many years. There have been an unusual number of complaints from cities where the source of their water supply failed several weeks ago.

Bloomington, North Vernon, Scottsburg and many other towns in this part of the state have been among the sufferers. Seymour has been exceedingly fortunate as its supply of filtered city water has been as plentiful as the water in White river itself and there has hardly been a time during the drouth when there was not the usual strong pressure in the water mains.

In case of fire there has always been all the water that was needed with a strong pressure and there has never been any trouble from that source. The low water has laid many cities open to the dangers of disease and pestilence but Seymour has missed it all. The dry weather has been very hard on horses that had to travel on the dusty roads and the death of many in this county and elsewhere has been traced to a disease brought on by the dry weather.

Feeble Old Lady Has Strength Restored By Vinol.

Mrs. Michael Bloom, of Lewistown, Pa., who is 80 years of age, says: "For a long time I have been so feeble that I have had to be wheeled around in an invalid's chair. I had no strength and took cold at the slightest provocation, which invariably settled on my lungs, and a cough would result. My son learned of the cod liver preparation called Vinol, and procured a bottle for me. It built up my strength rapidly, and after taking three bottles I am able to do most of my work, and I can walk a quarter of a mile easily. Every aged or weak person who requires strength should try Vinol. I am delighted with what it has done for me."

As a body builder and strength creator for old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, and after sickness, Vinol is unexcelled. If it fails to give satisfaction we will return your money.

W. F. Peter Drug Co., Seymour.

Many Friends Called.

The celebration of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Huffman Saturday afternoon was a very pleasant event and none enjoyed it more than Mr. and Mrs. Huffman. A great many of their friends and neighbors called during the afternoon to extend to them congratulations on their golden wedding anniversary and left tokens of their esteem and friendship. The arrangements were in charge of Mrs. Chas. W. Graessle assisted by other members of the family and immediate friends. The plans were exceedingly well made and executed perfectly. The parlors and the dining room, where refreshments were served, were beautifully decorated with cut flowers and plants. Mr. and Mrs. Huffman received numerous valuable presents including quite a sum in gold coin.

Found Box And Papers.

Elmer Burkell found another one of the boxes and some of the papers taken from the Pearl Laundry safe which was robbed a few weeks ago. They were returned to Martin Harlow.

He found them in the mouth of a tile on Fifth street between Chestnut and Walnut streets. Another one of the boxes were found sometime ago on east Second street.

Getting Better.

Dr. F. Lett, who has been taking treatment at Dr. Morrow's sanitarium at Columbus the last week, is reported to be improving.

Harmony Hall.

The New Music Store.

Displaying a full line of Musical Instruments, Pianos, String Instruments, Phonographs, Records, Sheet Music, Post Cards, Albums, Burnt Wood, Art Novelties, Solid and Hammered Brass, Arts and Crafts Jewelry, Pompeian Ware, Stationery and all kinds of Musical Supplies. Call and see the handsome line of Hand Painted China on display.

Have you seen "The Flyers." Call and let us tell you about it.

Weithoff & Kernan.

Cor. St. Louis Ave. and Chestnut St.

GIVEN AWAY

THIS WEEK

\$3.00 in Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass

We will give free this week \$3.00 worth of any of our Jewelry, Silverware or Cut Glass as may be selected, to the person who this week writes for us the best four-line stanza of poetry, advertising our store and our Holiday Goods. We have the finest line we have ever carried and at prices that will please you. We know you will say so too when you look at them. The following are the conditions:

1. Each stanza must consist of four lines, advertising our line of holiday goods.

2. No person can submit more than one stanza. Each contribution will be numbered when submitted and a record of the numbers kept. The judges will award the prize by number only.

3. The best stanzas will be published each evening without the names of the authors.

4. On Saturday evening the stanza awarded the prize will be published and the name of the person awarded the prize.

5. All stanzas must be delivered, at our store, between now and 12 o'clock noon on Friday, December 4.

6. The award will be made by three disinterested judges: C. D. Billings, Dr. H. R. Luckey and E. A. Remy.

STRATTON

THE JEWELER

16 S. Chestnut Street, SEYMORE, INDIANA

The Life of Mitchell.

The cement industry at Mitchell continues to grow and there seems to be no longer any indications of slack business there. The two plants there are running full time, even working on Sundays. With all this it seems impossible to keep up with the orders. The two largest cement mills in the state are located at Mitchell and the same company is making preparations to build another mill larger than both of these put together. Work on the same will be begun as early as possible. The mills now in operation at Mitchell have only been in operation at Mitchell a few years but it is claimed that the census of 1910 will show that the population of the town has almost doubled since the census of 1900. In 1900 the population was 1,772.

Only a Rumor.

A report has been in circulation up and down the interurban line that a dining car service was soon to be established between Louisville and Chicago. The report states that the new dining cars have been ordered. It also states that as soon as the dining car experiment is tried interurban sleeping cars between Louisville and Chicago will be installed. Officials of the local interurban line say they have never heard of these reports and if interurban dining and sleeping cars are to be installed they know nothing about it. Conditions will not be such that attraction cars can be run through from Louisville to Chicago until spring as one of the connecting links in northern Indiana has not yet been completed.—Columbus Republican.

Going West.

Howard Balsley was here from Indianapolis Sunday the guest of relatives and friends. He and his sister will leave in a few days for Utah and they may remain in that state. Part of the family is already there. Howard has been the chief clerk in the republican state committee rooms for the last ten months and proved a valuable man in that place.

Merry Widow McCarty.

SEYMORE DAILY REPUBLICAN

SMITH & REMY, Publishers.

SEYMORE, INDIANA.

The corn shredder is getting in its annual autumn work, with the gun of the careless hunter.

Superior reports that seventeen wolves have been shot in Douglas county during the past week. Hunting of this kind is of a preservative character, as hundreds of deer are killed annually by voracious wolves.

The Wisconsin Teachers' Association has doubled in membership since four years ago. Its annual convention which will gather in Milwaukee this week will be the largest and most important it has ever held.

The official order for the abandonment of Fort Keogh, Montana, will recall to many the stirring times of thirty years ago, when that part of the country was infested with bands of hostile Indians. Things have changed since Custer and his heroic band were slaughtered to a man on the Rosebud.

The reported branding with acid in a high school fraternity initiation at Los Angeles is a sample of the insanity which characterizes many of the fraternity pranks. If Los Angeles has not started a movement against Greek letter societies in high schools, it ought to begin without further delay.

The report that cranberries are to be high in price because of a short crop is discredited by accounts from Cape Cod, where the growers are said to be holding back their product because free selling would flood the markets and lower prices. It is evident that there will be plenty of cranberry sauce for this winter's turkey dinners.

Fish must be plentiful off the Atlantic coast. The steamer Ligomen was struck by a tidal wave off Diamond shoal lightship, and her officers state that the receding water left so many fish on deck that the crew filled the icebox with cod, hake and haddock. But sailors are born romancers, and this may be the prize fish story of the year.

The Netherlands has waited a long time for Castro. Away back in May it fixed November 1 as the date till which it would wait for the revocation of his decree prohibiting the transshipment of goods for Venezuelan ports at Curacao. The date has arrived and passed. If the will probably be a blockade of Venezuela-Netherlands decides upon a resort to force to attain her end, the next move to ports.

Sandy Hook lightship is to be removed from its historic post because the completion of the new Ambrose channel leading into New York bay takes steamers so far from "the Hook" that there is small likelihood of their touching upon it. But mariners will miss the old ship, and there will undoubtedly be clamor for its restoration. The transatlantic racers will have to choose a new mark for the completion of their westward voyages.

Chicago's commissioner of health declares that six tons of soot are annually deposited on an acre of ground at Michigan avenue and Park row, by railroad locomotives. This statement accentuates the desirability of electric traction at railroad terminals, and also reveals room for improvement in the burning of coal by which this waste may be prevented. Thousands of tons of fuel are blown through locomotive stacks by the exhaust pipes every year, in the United States.

New York city has thirty-seven recreation piers, which usually remain idle during the winter months. But it has been suggested that the piers be inclosed for the housing of 10,000 of the idle men of the city who are without homes, and the dock commissioner intends to do this unless legal obstacles intervene. This idea of utilizing city property may suggest similar schemes to the officials of other cities which are faced with the problem of providing for unemployed people during the winter.

The fight with fire on the passenger steamer Luckenbach, which arrived at San Juan, Porto Rico, with a fire in her hold that had resisted efforts to extinguish it for four days, is an incident which reveals what coolness and determination will accomplish in the face of odds that are terrifying to the average man. The captain of the Luckenbach acted wisely in bottling up the fire and fighting it in a way that would not permit of the ingress of air to feed the flames, and the passengers owe their safe arrival in Porto Rico to his good judgment.

Vice-Consul Chanler reports from Dalmatia that 500,000 Russians have moved into Siberia from European Russia during the past year, and that each of these colonists received thirty-seven acres of land free, with the assurance that there would be no taxes for the first year of occupation, and only 50 per cent. of the regular tax for the second year. Siberia will soon become an inviting country if opportunity is thus opened for the Russian peasants, and the improvement in social conditions there will be reflected in the course of time, in the entire body politic of the Czar's empire.

The Mohonk Conference contends that the coastwise shipping act should be modified in the interest of fairness to the citizens of Hawaii. The Hawaiians are now prohibited from traveling from the islands to the Pacific coast in foreign ships, on pain of \$200 fine, and as American ships are few and far between, it may be necessary for Americans to wait sometimes as long as ten days to secure a ship which flies the American flag. This is troublesome when they are hurriedly summoned to the coast from the islands in emergencies. The act should be amended so that

travel will be as free for Americans between the coast and the islands as it is to foreigners.

The slowness of the immigration business at the present time is shown by the fact that six great ocean liners recently landed the record aggregate of steerage passengers for any one day during the past twelve months, although the total was only 2623. Under normal economic conditions the immigrants on these steamers would have numbered fully 10,000. But light immigration is desirable when business is depressed, and there is no complaint on that score except perhaps on the part of the steamship companies, whose receipts from steerage travel have been heavily reduced.

What seemed like tidal waves to the masters and crews of the river steamers spread terror and consternation along the Mississippi river from Hickman, Kentucky, to Cairo, Illinois. The disturbance was caused by a tremendous landslide involving hundreds of acres resulting from steady erosion by the uncontrollable currents. The incident suggests the tremendous problems that must be attacked by those who are now talking glibly about the task of digging deep channels in the Mississippi river and canalizing the stream—wherever that method is suggested by topographical conditions.

On Monday last the court of general sessions in New York city imposed fines aggregating one thousand dollars on milk dealers and butchers who were arraigned for violating the law which prohibits the adulteration of food products. The milk dealers were found guilty of using water and formaldehyde, and the butchers of using a preparation of sulphurous acid for the preservation of meats. This farce is evidence that people are becoming earnest in their demands for the maintenance of purity in foods, and milk dealers, butchers and others should take warning. They have heretofore heard growling, mainly, but now there seems to be action all along the line.

THE WEATHER AND COLORS.

What to Wear and What Not to Wear in Different Climates.

In the course of a recent lecture delivered before the Royal United States Service institution in London, a retired English army officer dealt with some interesting facts pertaining to the question of health in tropical climates. The officer in question, Col. Mande, late of the Royal engineers, in the course of his remarks pointed out the relation between active rays and their effect upon the great nerve centers running down the spinal column. If these rays are excessive the disturbance of the nerve centers rests upon the stomach, provoking digestive disorders as well as tending to the dangerous malady of sunstroke.

Consequently it is obvious that if a non-active material were worn next to the skin the effect of the active rays would be nullified. Col. Mande personally tried the experiment some twenty-five years ago, and the relief thus secured was remarkable, since he was able to prosecute his duties in the hottest sun without inconvenience of experiencing any ill-effects. The non-active material alluded to was simply a red fabric with which he had lined his fish helmet and service uniform.

The same phenomenon has been observed by other soldiers while on active duty in torrid climates, who, by lining their wearing apparel and caps or helmets with red rays secured instant relief from the afflictions incidental to working beneath a blazing sun. Col. Mande's experience, though it may not always have been based on his scientific knowledge of the subject, is merely that of every officer and enlisted man of the United States army who has marched or footed upon the great shadeless plains of the west. Here the summer temperature is sufficient to raise iron to an unbearable heat, yet private soldiers and common laborers who wear red flannel next to the skin suffer no bodily pains, though they pursue their tasks for hours on end in the broiling sun.

Vicissitudes of a Picture.

The note on the vicissitudes of Leonardo da Vinci's picture, "Last Supper," reminds a correspondent of the strange experiences of Holbein's "Field of the Cloth of Gold," which may be seen any day at Hampton court palace. After the downfall of Charles I, Cromwell, in order to raise funds, proposed the sale of certain pictures, this among the number. The bargain was already made, but when the would be purchaser came to inspect Holbein's masterpiece he discovered that the head of Henry VIII had been cut from the canvas. He naturally withdrew his offer, and the picture was preserved to the nation. On the restoration a nobleman confessed to having committed the theft for love of art and his country, and he returned the missing head, which now occupies its original position in the canvas. The circle made by the knife is still plainly

Japanese Nobleman a Colorado Farmer.

Alfred Takeda Satow, a Japanese nobleman, who bought a farm near La Salle three years ago and mastered the art of farming, now does his work by proxy to his countrymen. Last spring he rented 320 acres near Berthoud, re-renting to Japanese and yesterday secured a farm of 100 acres from his neighbor, C. H. Welch, and will sublet this also.

Satow was educated in American colleges and wishes to forget that he is a Japanese. Two years ago he married an accomplished American girl of Alabama and about that time changed his surname to Satow.—Denver Republican.

Profitable Mussel Gathering.

Owing to low water the mussel gathering industry on the Indiana side of the Wabash river west of Owensville has been more profitable this season than at any period in the past. Those engaged in the business assert that \$30,000 worth of pearls have been taken from the bed of the river this season. This includes a territory only thirty miles long on the Indiana side. Mussel shells are now selling for \$13 a ton, and there is a ready demand for them from the manufacturers of pearl buttons. One hundred and sixty tons were shipped from Grayville to an Iowa factory this week.—Indianapolis News.

Don't Burn Your Autumn Leaves.

As you might as well put a \$2 bill in the fire as to burn your autumn leaves. The thing to do is to make a compost heap, that is, simply pile them up and cover with branches to keep them from blowing away, and a year from now you will have perfect leaf mold to use in potting bulbs and lightening flower beds. Leaf mold is absolutely essential in the cultivation of many lilies and other choice plants.—Garden Magazine.

A SONG OF FAR TRAVEL.

Many a time some drowsy ear From the nearer bank invited, Crossed a narrow stream, and bore In among the reeds moon-lighted, Where to leave me on a shore No ferrymen hath sighted.

Many a time a mountain stile, Dark and bright, with mud and wetting, Lured my vagrant foot the while 'Twixt uplifting and down-settling, Whither? Thousands mile on mile Beyond the last forgetting.

Still by hidden ways I wend, Past occasion grown, like a ranger; Still enchantment, like a friend, Takes from dead, the taste of danger, Hardly river or road can end, Where I need step a stranger!

—Louise Imogen Gutney, in the Atlantic.

HIS DAUGHTER'S CHOICE.

"I want £50!" The speaker paused dramatically. "Don't remind me that my allowance is overdrawn already; I know it. If you won't give it me, call it a loan and charge interest—any rate you like. But the money I must have somehow, or be ruined!"

"I'm afraid you're that already, Clive!" John Granger, rising from his chair, regarded the younger man with scorn. "Another gambling affair, I suppose—a debt of honor?" he said, in icy tones. "Well, you'll have no more money from me—not a penny. I warned you last time that you need never ask again; and my word is my bond!"

"And—and you'll see me disgraced, never able to look a decent man in the face again, for the sake of a paltry £50?"

"No! for your own sake, Clive! When I promised your dying father to look after his son, I vowed that I would carry that promise out loyally for the sake of the friendship that had lived for years. I've done it! You've been brought up in my own house, with my own child; every possible help that I could give you, you've had. Now it's got to end! You've lived in luxury too long; perhaps if you see a little of the sterner side of life it will bring you to your senses!"

"Oh, don't preach!" retorted Clive Thorhill, bitterly. "That sort of thing only makes a fellow worse; and I've heard it all so often. Are you such a saint yourself?" he asked, fiercely. "Have you nothing to reproach yourself with—no skeleton in your own cupboard? I wonder what Winnie would think, for instance, if I were to tell her—"

"What?" John Granger faced round sharply; his eyes seemed to challenge the other in that swift glance. "What?" he asked again.

"Well, that the mother whom she believes to be dead still lives!" said Thorhill, in a sullen, dogged voice. He had not meant to play that last card yet, but it had been forced from him somehow. There was a pause, during which the ticking of the clock on the shelf was the only sound that broke the stillness.

"Oh, you know that, do you?" said his guardian, slowly. "How you know it I'm not going to ask; I don't want to know. But if you think that it makes one jot or tittle of difference, you're mistaken. I'm the last man in the world to be bullied or blackmailed; you should know that also, Clive! And now good night and—good-bye! I think we'd better part company after this, don't you?"

He did not offer his hand, neither did the lad attempt to take it. Dumbfounded, he stood there an instant; then, without a word, he turned on his heel and left the room.

John Granger sank back into his chair. "How did he come to know?" he whispered, hoarsely. "Who told him?"

But the question found no answer. The door had hardly closed when the French windows at the other end of the room were pulled back violently. A girl, with white, tragic face, emerged and came toward him.

"Dad," she moaned, "I was in the conservatory and I heard—yes, every word! What Clive said isn't true; oh, tell me it isn't true!"

She fell on her knees by his side, and her hand sought his beseechingly. John Granger was a hard man. His enemies said it often, and his few friends did not deny it's assertion. But all knew there was no soft spot in his heart. His daughter, Winnie, was the flower of his life—his idol; he would have cut off his right hand to save her pain. And now he was powerless to help her.

"Little girl," he whispered in that broken voice, "I meant you never to know; I had told myself that it was better you never should know. But now it is idle to deny it. It is true."

"Daddy!"

"Listen," he went on. "Your mother and I were never well mated. She was some years younger than I, a butterfly of the gay world; the humdrum existence of a grimy little manufacturing town chafed her after the whirl and swirl of London. She was always pinning for change, gaiety, pleasure; she could not understand my desire to remain here. When you came on the scene things were worse. She looked upon a child as a hindrance and a drag instead of a blessing. Oh, how I hated her for that! And then—and then—the words choked in his throat—"we decided to live apart, she to go her way and I to go mine!"

"And you never told me! You have let me grow to womanhood believing her dead! Daddy," she went on after a short pause, "you were more cruel than you knew. My mother must be either a very brave woman or a very callous and heartless one, and that I can't believe. You misunderstood her—never realized her true nature—that must be the explanation of it all. Tell me where she lives."

He wrote some words on a sheet of paper and passed it to her without speaking.

"No. 12 Lavender Mansions, Clapham. I must go to London tomorrow and see her!"

"No!"

She glanced at him questioningly. "No! But you don't mean that. You are not serious."

"I mean it!" His voice was harsh, stern, forbidding. She could see the corners of his mouth twitch strangely. "I say again that you must not go, Winnie. You must choose between your mother and me; you cannot have both. That chapter of my life is closed, and I refuse, once for all, to reopen it. You understand?"

"I understand." Whole seconds hung between those two words. Her breath came and went in little gasps; she clenched her teeth to keep a sob from

breaking forth. Suddenly she bent and kissed his forehead. "Good night, daddy," she said, in a queer shaky voice. "I—I wonder if you know how hard you can be!"

John Granger came down to breakfast in an ill-humor next morning. He had spent a bad night. Oldtime spectres had haunted his slumber, and an uncomfortable feeling that the future would bring him fresh worries refused to be shaken off. Winnie was not visible—an unusual occurrence. Picking up his letters, he noticed at once that there was an un stamped one on the top. Her writing! What could it mean? He tore it open and read feverishly.

"Darling Father: I do not, cannot think that you really meant all that you said when we talked last night. In any case, I must see my mother—you will have realized that; and I am going to London by the first train this morning. Will you send me a wire to Saint Pancras station? If I don't get one I shall know—but I can't consider any such possibility. Dear old daddy, I don't think I have ever disobeyed you knowingly before. Try to forgive your daughter, who still loves you with all her heart. Your own Winnie."

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"Darling Father: I do not, cannot

TEA-TABLE SALAD.

Proof.



Jigson—So your grandfather lived to be 90 years old, eh. Did he retain possession of his faculties until the end? Jigson—Can't say. His will hasn't been read as yet.

Stage Realism.

Bathed in misty, moonlight, To his love he sang that night What he truly meant to be An impassioned melody.

Little, so it seemed, recked he Of his rivals villainy, That with long and gleaming knife He was plotting 'gainst his life.

She, it seems, slept on above, Hearing not his song of love. (Not strange, either, since his stunt Mostly was directed 'front').

When last the nasal bray Was heard to die away, From behind a machie tree Crept the villain stealthily.

With his knife raised for the plunge, He made the fatal lunge— When a tumult of applause— Made his arm in midair pause!

Back the villain slunk, dismayed, While the chorus was essayed Gratefully again—once more He was foiled by an encore.

—Kansas City Times.

Indorsed the Action.

Snoozer—I think it's a shame to waste a bottle of wine every time a warship is launched.

Boozer—It's all right, pardner; just think how long the poor thing has to travel on water: 'tis all right, I tell yuh.—Toledo Blade.

Hard Hit.

"I am proud to say that my grandfather made his mark in the world," observed the conceited youth.

"Well, I suppose he wasn't the only man in those days who couldn't write his name," replied his bored companion.—Tit-Bits.

In Self-Defense.

"Great soi—You have around here?" "You bet." "Your corn must be 20 feet high."

"And we have to plant a dwarf variety to hold it down to that."—Washington Herald.

His Reasons.

"I suppose," remarked the old-time friar, "that you will have a spacious salon in the residence you are building."

"Certainly not," answered Col. Stillwell. "I am a prohibitionist; and, besides, I am against spelling reform."—Washington Star.

THE OUTLAW.

I drank of the sunlight on the spring,
And the sunlight on the brook;
I stretched at night on the gray, hard rock,
And soft was the sleep I took.

I woke with the morning on my face,
And my heart was free from care;
And the hands were free and my feet—
As free.

As the red hawk wheeling there.

But I thought of the houses down in the
vale.

And I thought of the little flowers
That look so fair and smell so sweet
In the wake of the summer showers.

—Humphreys Park, in Appleton's.

SUSPECTS.

Montmorency Jubb, immaculately dressed in a light gray suit, with a light gray top hat to match, strolled up to the common with an expression of injured dignity on his plump, clean-shaven face.

Mr. Jubb felt that he was being exiled from his home, and he was going to do without his tea as a protest against the countenancing of evildoers. Mrs. Jubb was having friends to tea, and among them her sister's fiance, a certain Douglas May. The invitation was one of more than a fortnight's standing, but in the meantime young May had been accused by his employers of forging a check, and after an appearance before the magistrates had been remanded on bail.

Mrs. Jubb, Mrs. Jubb's sister and her fiance himself all declared that the charge was a preposterous one, and would be proved to be utterly unfounded. Mr. Jubb said savagely that there is never smoke without fire, and that it is impossible for suspicion to attach itself to a man who has not something shady in his constitution. At any rate, he was not going to countenance a suspect. Mrs. Jubb was equally determined to show her faith in the young man, and so it came about that Mr. Jubb was beating a dignified retreat from his own home just a little before the time that Douglas May, with his wife's other guests, was expected.

The common was a favorite resort of his. In parts it was "truly rural," as Montmorency often observed. There was one very sequestered seat, where hedged in by the silver birches and brambles, one could imagine oneself secluded in the heart of the country. He betook himself to his favorite seat now to brood over his wrongs. But he did not brood long. The afternoon was warm, and, like a prudent man, he had made a more substantial midday repast than usual in anticipation of sacrificing his tea. In ten minutes he fell asleep.

He awoke abruptly to find a rough-looking fellow, in an extremely dirty pair of white ducks, a greasy reefer coat and a villainous-looking peaked cap, holding a revolver to his head.

In less time than it takes to tell, he stood in his shirt, which the bandit, fortunately for him, seemed ready to dispense with, and helplessly watched the man dressing himself in his clothes.

"Ta-ta, old billionnaire!" said the assassin, as he took his hat—his immaculate, light-grey hat—and disappeared through the silver birches.

Mr. Jubb could have cried with mingled indignation and impotence. Here were a barefaced robber exposing him to an indignity unheard of, and he could not pursue him—he could not hasten in search of assistance and the police because he was not dressed. Instead of thinking of pursuit he began to wonder how he was to get home.

It was true that the highwayman had left him his own clothes, but Mr. Jubb shrank from the idea of donning them with an unspeakable loathing. He could not touch, much less, walk through the High street in a filthy pair of white ducks, a greasy reefer-coat, and a villainous-looking peaked cap, not to mention the unspeakable pair of boots that had been left in place of his elegant tan shoes.

He would rather remain where he was forever, he told himself—or, at any rate, till one of the keepers of the common came to his assistance, and could be dispatched to Berkley villa for another suit of his own clothes.

But he was not safe, even in this favorite secluded retreat, he found. As he sat on the bench and moaned, he was roused by a shriek, of horror. Two elderly maiden ladies, whom he recognized, had made their way through the birches, and caught sight of him sitting, weeping, in his airy attire. One of them had turned precipitately as she shrieked. The other stood staring in petrified recognition.

"Oh, Mr. Jubb!" she cried, in shocked indignation; and then her sister caught her by the arm and hurried her away, talking shrilly about the need of a policeman.

At the thought his fastidious vanished, and he hurried into the dirty white ducks. He was so nervous lest the old women should be returning with an officer to arrest him that he did not hesitate a moment even over the peaked cap.

It his wife had been alone, he would have approached his home boldly, and found a pleasant solace for his own sufferings in the consternation which Matilda would feel at the sight of his deplorable appearance. But he could not run the chance of being seen by her guests—some of them strangers waiting to form their first impression of the important Montmorency Jubb.

He avoided the front of the house, and crept round stealthily to the back. He would enter by the kitchen door, explain matters briefly to Rosabel, the maid, telling her to inform nobody, and slide upstairs to change his clothes, preparatory to visiting the police station, and laying an information against his castily assailant. He seemed more fortunate even than he had hoped. The kitchen was empty.

In the drawing room two very excited old ladies were breaking to Mrs. Jubb the painful announcement that her husband had apparently become suddenly mad on the common and that she ought to set out to secure him with a closed carriage and a dressing gown.

Mrs. Jubb's sister had retained sufficient presence of mind to send Rosabel from the room before she heard more than a maid ought to hear; but Rosabel had heard enough to know what it meant when she saw her master grotesquely attired, stealing upon her with strange antics.

"He's come home!" she shrieked, in hysterical terror.

Before Mr. Jubb could rush upstairs to his room, a crowd came pouring out of the drawing room, headed by a young man whom Mr. Jubb did not know.

The disgraceful and ridiculous introduction to his wife's friends which he

had dreaded seemed imminent, and, with sudden decision, Mr. Jubb turned and fled down the stairs, through the kitchen, and out of the house.

He was not an active man naturally.

It was years since he had done anything so undignified as run; but as he ran now, as only a man can run whose whole dignity is at stake, he managed to get clear away; then, panting and breathless, he found himself in the arms of a policeman.

"Just the man I am looking for!" said the constable, in a tone of satisfaction. "You come along to the station!"

"On what charge?" quivered Mr. Jubb, as soon as he could find the breath to speak at all.

"Attempted robbery, with violence!" said the policeman. "I'd warn you not to say anything until you get to the station."

Mr. Jubb had not the heart left to do so. It would be best to go to the police station, he told himself, and, after explaining who he was, remain there until he had sent a message home, and been provided with a suit of his own clothes.

The charge against him—or, rather, against the man whose clothes he wore—was a serious one, he found, when he reached the station. At 4 o'clock that afternoon, in broad daylight, a man had entered a little shop in the High street, knocked down the old lady in charge of it with a murderous blow, and been about to decamp with the till, when he was disturbed and pursued. He had managed to get away, but not before a dozen people, at least, were able to describe his appearance and dress. All the brutal-looking man in a reefer-coat, dirty white ducks, and a peaked-cap.

Mr. Jubb was not really disturbed at all about the charge. He was far too well known and too highly respected for anybody to think either that he could knock down an old lady or wear a shabby set of clothes that did not fit him, except under compulsion.

"It is a mistake which I can explain in a few words," he began, in his best oratorical manner, in answer to the charge. "I am Mr. Jubb of Berkley villa, and—"

The inspector stopped him with some show of interest.

"Montmorency Jubb?" he inquired; and the owner of name smiled as he answered in the affirmative. If the inspector knew him by repute, the affair was as good as settled.

The policeman had turned to a hidden recess and took from it Mr. Jubb's own immaculate, light-grey top-hat, looking little the worse for its adventures.

"This is your property?" he asked.

Mr. Jubb smiled again as he answered.

"You will find my name in full inside the lining," he said.

The inspector had found it there some little while before.

"Then I must tell you that there are two other charges against you," he said; "and I warn you that anything you say may be used against you. You are charged with insulting ladies on the common at 4:30 this afternoon. At a quarter to 5 you demanded money, with threats, from a gentleman at the other side of the common. You were pursued, and lost your hat, which gave us the clue to your identity."

"But it was not me at all!" wailed Mr. Jubb. "It must have been the man who stole my clothes. Will you let me explain?"

The inspector eyed him severely.

"You will find it of no use trying to deny your identity," he said. "The ladies who laid information of your insulting behavior on the common state that they have known you for years, and had no doubt whatever of their recognition, notwithstanding your disgraceful lack of apparel. But I warn you to reserve your defense. Take him to the cells, constable!"

It was in the police cell that Mrs. Jubb found her unhappy husband half an hour later, and, after conquering a natural trepidation, due to her belief that the poor man had gone mad, dressed himself in bizarre garments, knocked an old lady down with a knuckle-duster, tried to steal her till, insulted two of his most respected lady friends, and finally threatened to blow a gentleman's brains out if he did not give him his money, before frightening Rosabel almost into a fit, she heard the whole story of his plight; and, by dint of much exertion, and by bringing a good many influential people to vouch for Jubb's immaculate respectability, managed to get him released on bail the same evening.

When he was safe in his own home, and in his own clothes, she told him some good news. The innocence of Douglas May, her sister's fiance, had been fully established. His employers had discovered the actual forger of the cheque, and had made ample amends to Douglas for their suspicion.

Mr. Jubb, who had regained his dignity with his clothes, despite the nervous air with which Rosabel still regarded him, smiled magnanimously.

"Then, of course, I shall no longer object to the connection," he said. And Mrs. Jubb, who was still very much upset, began to cry.

"The Mays are such a respectable family," she said. "I am wondering whether Douglas will care to know us now, because there are such shocking charges against you—not just a little thing like forging a cheque; and people are sure to say that there cannot be smoke without fire! You would yourself, you know, Monty!"—London Answer.

Vigilance Committee Organized.

A vigilance committee to keep burglars out of Cedarhurst, L. I., has been organized by the vexed villagers. The daring robbery by masked men of the home of Joseph A. Shinn, associate counsel in the Hains murder defense, coming right after three other burglaries, aroused the populace to the necessity of taking active steps to prevent marauders from carrying off everything that is not nailed down. Nearly all the residents of Cedarhurst are millionaires. Mrs. Russell Sage has a magnificent estate there and the summer residence of James R. Keene is one of the show places. The village is sadly deficient in police protection. The force comprises half a dozen men, who have an extended and impossible territory to cover. The burglars did not seem to realize this until within the last week. Then it came upon them with a rush and they have been making visits ever since about as fast as they could get around.

Remains.

"What's in here?" asked the tourist. "Remains to be seen," responded the guide, as he led the way into the mummy room.—Pick Me Up.

DEATH LURKS IN BLACK MOUNTAIN

VIRGINIA PEAK CONTAINS MANY STRANGE SECRETS LOCKED IN ITS BOSOM.

NATIVES HAVE THEIR LAWS.

Explorers Mysteriously Disappear as They Enter Deep Ravines and Are Never Found.

THE MYSTERY DATES FAR BACK.

Within less than half a century many persons have been swallowed up in the deep ravines of Black mountain, in Wise county, Virginia, never to be found again. The old mountain, with its somber, frowning front, true to the significance of its name, carries many strange secrets locked in its bosom, says the New York Times. Men have ridden into its shadows in the flush of manhood, the eternal gates of silence closing noiselessly behind them. The region is inhabited by mountain people who are a law unto themselves. Few men have ever ventured alone into the mountain and come back to tell the tale. The history of each new disappearance goes down in the legend of the region as another weird tale to be told. No explanation has ever been vouchsafed as to what became of those who disappeared, and the manner or reason of death of those whose bodies have been recovered is as uncertain as the other secrets of the great black pile.

The general public knew little of the mysterious incidents associated with this wild section of the country until the sudden disappearance of Edward Leisenring Wentz, the young Philadelphia millionaire, who rode away from his home at Big Stone Gap on his favorite pony on their morning of October 14, 1904, never to return. On the evening of that day the horse ridden by Wentz, riderless, but with bridle and saddle still on, was found in the ford of Powell's river, not far from Roaring Fork, the spot from which several other men had disappeared before the day of the millionaire. For weeks hundreds of men scoured the mountains, hunting through every ravine and in every cave for some trace of the lost man. The impression was that Wentz had been kidnapped—supposedly for the purpose of holding him for ransom. This led to the offering of a reward of \$55,000 for his recovery alive. Stimulated by the offer of the reward, hundreds of bold men joined in the search.

MILLIONAIRES TO ORDER.

Men Made Rich in the Coeur d'Alene Mining District.

The famous Coeur d'Alene mining district of northern Idaho might well be called the millionaires' factory of America. Rich men are in the making there: Charles Sweeney, a deputy marshal during the Coey labor troubles of a dozen years ago, now president of the Federal Mining and Smelting company, the four mines of which, although three were closed the latter part of the year, earned a net profit last year of \$1,596,707; C. H. Reeves, once a barber of Wallace, now a millionaire of Spokane, the mine which his son-in-law located paying regular monthly dividends of \$96,000; August Paulson, a few years ago, driving a milk wagon for \$40 a month, now erecting eleven-story steel-concrete office structures and able to write his check and have it cashed—in six numerals; L. W. Hutton, once a railroad engineer, his wife the proprietress of a village eating house, together now accredited people of great wealth—the record might be extended to include several dozen names.

The disappearance of Wentz was flashed over the wires to all parts of the country. The mysteries shrouding Black mountain, which lies on the border between Virginia and Kentucky, became a matter of great public interest. The daily papers carried columns of well-written theory attempting to explain in some plausible manner the means and the cause of the death of Wentz. But the secret lay hidden in the recesses of the rocky hills, and there were none so bold to go and look for it. The history of the Wentz case brought forth many other gruesome stories of that region.

Many Others Disappeared.

It became known that in the course of the years half a dozen or more men had disappeared from approximately the same spot from which Wentz disappeared. Of these the body of Wentz was the only body recovered. What became of the others will probably never be known. All of the supposed victims of the mountains had ventured into the wild region where the mad waters of Roaring creek leap and pitch down the rugged mountain ravine over shaggy rocks to pour into the more quiet stream known as Powell's river. Of all the men who have disappeared from time to time for half a century under the shadow of the great mountain of mystery, the bleaching bones of Wentz alone were left to tell a portion of the sorry tale.

The disappearance next preceding that of Wentz was when James B. Gearhart, a Bristol insurance man, ventured into the mountain fastnesses.

The disappearance of Gearhart is as much a mystery now as when searchers were peering fearfully into the ravines for his dead body. He left at his lodgings in Bristol a valuable library, a wardrobe full of valuable clothing, and other personal property. These effects have remained unclaimed to this day. Gearhart left Bristol for a ten days' trip through the mining regions in the pursuit of his business. He left the hotel at Appalachia one morning for a trip into the surrounding country. He took the road which led by way of Roaring Fork and the mysterious spot near the mouth of Powell's river. That was the last ever seen of Gearhart. Inquiry has been made in every part of the country, but no trace has ever been found of the missing man.

Mystery Dates Far Back.

Former Congressman James B. Richardson of Gates City relates that this spot in Black mountain holds a parallel to the Wentz and Gearhart cases of many years ago. The occurrence in question took place just prior to the Civil war. Two men were searching for a herd of lost cattle in the wilds of the mountain region. When they came to the fatal spot near the mouth of Roaring Fork they dismounted and hatched their horses in order to reach on foot points inaccessible when mounted. They separated at the gorge, taking separate ridges in the ascent, having agreed to return and meet at the mouth of the gorge within a specified time. Only one of these men ever followed the backward trail. He waited in vain and called repeatedly to his companion. Finally, as the shades of night began to fall, he mounted and rode away from the lonely spot alone. Search was made for the missing man immediately thereafter.

From that day to this—and in the meantime many other men have walked out of the world of men through the same rocky gorge—no trace of him has ever been discovered.

Whole Party Swallowed Up.

A party of revenue officers whose names have become lost in the raiding of the mountain for Kentucky and Virginia moonshiners, are said to have disappeared in a similar manner to the other disappearances which have been here narrated. Whether they were slain by moonshiners or fell into the mysterious abysses which no living man has seen

and returned to tell the tale, is a question which eternity alone will solve. Of these officers, of those who rode into the mountain, not one came out again. It is believed in the region that the men were ambushed by the moonshiners whose illegal business they proposed to break up and by them killed. The federal government instituted an investigation, but the mountain and the people in it remained silent. They will remain silent for all time. It is the nature of hill people to remain silent. They are born and bred in silent places and with few words.

Walter Kemp, a young civil and mining engineer, and Thomas Kilgore, superintendent of mines, are the latest examples of the mountain lust. These men, well known in the region and supposedly immune from the fate that awaited others who might venture into the region, tramped jauntily up the Roaring Fork and disappeared. As in other cases, searching parties were sent out for them, but the search was futile. The great mountain refused to give up its dark secret. The people who live in it went their way in silence.

Supt. Kelly, who was last week reported to have been lost in the mountain, has turned up alive. But Supt. Kelly did not venture into the Roaring Fork neighborhood. It was his intention to have followed the trail that led to the ford, but he changed his plans at the last moment and went in another direction. Knowing that his plans had been to take the route that had proved fatal to so many men, the alarm was sounded when he did not make his appearance at nightfall. The report went abroad that Black mountain had claimed another victim. But on the following day Supt. Kelly turned up in the flesh, alive and well, prepared to resume his mining duties within the shadow of the great hillside.

Fatal Spot Fascinating.

The fatal spot is fascinating to the mountain tourist, albeit it is a place to be shunned. It is in the most inviting seasons of the year, when all nature is glad and the birds are making merry among the rhododendrons and the ivy, that this scene of surpassing beauty, with its roar of sparkling waters and its silent river ford, is most to be dreaded. It is always upon such occasions or when the mountain is red and golden in its autumnal foliage and chestnut hunters are venturing into the wilds, that the mysteries of Roaring Fork are repeated and the tooting waters sing their requiem to lost men and riderless horses neigh in the night in the forest awaiting the return of their masters—wait that is always in vain.

MILLIONAIRES TO ORDER.

Men Made Rich in the Coeur d'Alene Mining District.

The famous Coeur d'Alene mining district of northern Idaho might well be called the millionaires' factory of America. Rich men are in the making there: Charles Sweeney, a deputy marshal during the Coey labor troubles of a dozen years ago, now president of the Federal Mining and Smelting company, the four mines of which, although three were closed the latter part of the year, earned a net profit last year of \$1,596,707; C. H. Reeves, once a barber of Wallace, now a millionaire of Spokane, the mine which his son-in-law located paying regular monthly dividends of \$96,000; August Paulson, a few years ago, driving a milk wagon for \$40 a month, now erecting eleven-story steel-concrete office structures and able to write his check and have it cashed—in six numerals; L. W. Hutton, once a railroad



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He suffers from a touch
Of too much turkey,
Pie and such.

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, '08.

THE recount of the vote in Marion county does not change conditions materially. Some mistakes were found but some were in favor of democrats and others in favor of the republicans. It was clearly demonstrated that no fraud was practiced.

IT now seems that Secretary Root will have a clear field and will be elected United States senator from New York without opposition. He is one of the ablest men in public life and will be a useful man in the senate.

SINCE congress is soon to convene at Washington the Nation's capital is the center of public interest again. This short session of congress will be one of unusual interest. The last message of President Roosevelt will be sent to congress next week and this is sure to be a message of more than ordinary importance.

MANY citizens over the state have been writing the Indianapolis papers since the election giving their opinions about what the legislature should do in the way of temperance legislation. Some of these correspondents say the local option law passed at the special session of the legislature should be repealed but the majority of the letter writers say better let the law stand. It is evident that an attempt to repeal the law would be met with a storm of opposition. While a majority of the people apparently voted wet at the recent election yet there are men in all parties who contend that there should be no temperance legislation at the coming session of the legislature. They contend that the law already enacted should be given a fair trial and the judgment of these men is worth considering. If possible the temperance question should be taken out of politics.

Sunday Drunks.

From the number of complaints that have come to us recently and from what we have seen ourselves the number of drunks in Seymour must be on the increase. Persons who have become disgusted with what they see appealed to us to say something about the conditions. If we mentioned the fact every time we saw a drunk man on the streets the columns of the paper would soon become as distasteful as the sights that are seen on the streets. Besides when there are no arrests we suppose that the man, or the boy as it frequently is, was not drunk or that the law is not in effect. If the laws relating to the sale of intoxicating liquor to minors were enforced we would have fewer drunkards. If a boy is kept away from the saloon and its influences until after he is twenty-one the chances are against his ever becoming a drunkard. If the parents would take their children in Sunday School and would attend with them there would be fewer of them drinkers by the time they are seventeen or eighteen years of age. Saturday and Sunday seems to be the best time for excesses and more than half the arrests made for drunkenness are between six o'clock Saturday evening and twelve o'clock Sunday night.

An Honest Man Saved By a Philanthropist.

Mr. T. A. Morgan of Hammond, Ind. had suffered for ten years with his stomach and kidneys, and while the great Root Juice scientist was proving the merits of Root Juice remedy to the people of northern Indiana Mr. Morgan purchased six bottles of the Juice and while it was being wrapped up he said: "If Root Juice cures me I will make the scientist a present of one hundred dollars. A short while ago Mr. Morgan called on the scientist and said that he could eat anything without the slightest inconvenience and that the kidney trouble was entirely cured. He wanted the scientist to take the one hundred dollars, but it was refused. However it was agreed to give the money to an orphan asylum. So Root Juice is not only curing the sick, but in this instance will be the indirect means of caring for some dead mother's child. Root Juice has proved its wonderful merits to many people of this point.

From the very start it seems to sooth and heal the lining of the stomach and bowels and strengthens the liver and kidneys, thereby giving nature a chance to, in her own way, throw off the impurities of the blood.

It is wonderful medicine. Sold for one dollar a bottle or three for two and a half at W. F. Peters drug store.

Lost Sixteen Years.

A letter sent from Greentown, Ind., in June, 1892, and addressed to W. B. Saxon, Dublin, Ind., did not reach its destination until last Monday. While a mail car was being cleaned in the Pennsylvania station, the letter addressed to Saxon found between the partitions of one end of the car. It had been in that position for sixteen years. The letter was placed in a pouch that was thrown off at Dublin at noon Monday, but whether W. B. Saxon is still a resident of that town is not known.—Jeffersonville Reflector.

Pensioners' Passing.

During the fiscal year ending June 30 last, 34333 civil war veterans who were on the pension roll, died. The total number of pensioners at the end of the year was 951,687. During the year 54,366 pensioners of all classes were dropped and 38,682 added.

The actual expenditure for the year on account of pensions was \$153,083,086 but on account of legislative increases in rate to individual pensioners the annual value of the roll at the close of the year was \$159,495,701 an increase of \$18,644,821 over the previous year.

Dedicate Hall.

Judge John M. Lewis went to Kurtz Saturday evening where he made the address at the opening of the new Knights of Pythias Hall. The exercises were open to the Knights and their wives and members of their family. The program including the address by Judge Lewis were thoroughly enjoyed by the crowd that packed the hall. An elaborate supper was served by the ladies. The Knights at Kurtz have built a splendid hall which exemplifies the progressive spirit of the lodge.

Light Traffic.

On account of the rain there was an unusually small amount of passenger traffic on the interurban lines Sunday. Some of the cars went out Sunday afternoon with not to exceed a half dozen passengers and there were but few cars all day in which all of the passengers could not be comfortably seated. A large amount of the Sunday traffic during the summer has been people going out to the country stops to picnic and the rain of yesterday spoiled this part of the traffic.

Among the long distance passengers sent out over the B. & O. S.W. at noon today were two to Avard, Okla.

Overstocked

Cloaks, Suits, Furs and Millinery

The backward season and mild weather have been felt in these Departments. Our only remedy is to apply the knife and cut prices regardless of cost and value. The usual after season prices will prevail after tomorrow. Don't miss this opportunity. Watch tomorrow's price announcement.

The Gold Mine Department Store

Prominent Man Dead.

Joshua M. Spencer, of Rising Sun, who was the republican candidate for congress in the Fourth district a few years ago, died suddenly at Cincinnati last Thursday morning. He left Rising Sun Wednesday afternoon for Cincinnati, where he was to spend Thanksgiving with his friend, Thos. H. Kelley, a prominent attorney. As was his custom he stopped at the Emery, intending to go to the home of his friend in the morning. He retired at 9 o'clock, and at 3 in the morning called the clerk, asking that a doctor be sent to his room. The house physician went at once and another physician was called, but their efforts to save his life were futile. His remains were taken to his home at Rising Sun for burial.

Mr. Spencer had numerous friends in Seymour and over the Fourth district.

Advice To Lodges.

The Franklin Star makes suggestion to the lodges in Franklin as follows:

"The time of year is close at hand when a new crop of officers to manage the several lodges of the city are to be chosen. The successful future, interest and life of the societies will depend upon the kind of men selected. Old and faithful attendants should be honored and should not be ignored, members who have been indifferent in keeping up interest or attendance should not be selected on the ground that they might do different if elected to an office. They never do better and the whole order suffers. Don't look for dead ones. Take the old standby who makes it a matter of business to go to his lodge on meeting night come what may."

Looks For a Rush.

W. H. Brimson, general superintendent of the B. & O. Southwestern railway, says: "We are expecting to return to one of our old time rushes after the first of the year, and expect a general revival of business all over the country."

Want Ads. in the REPUBLICAN Pay.

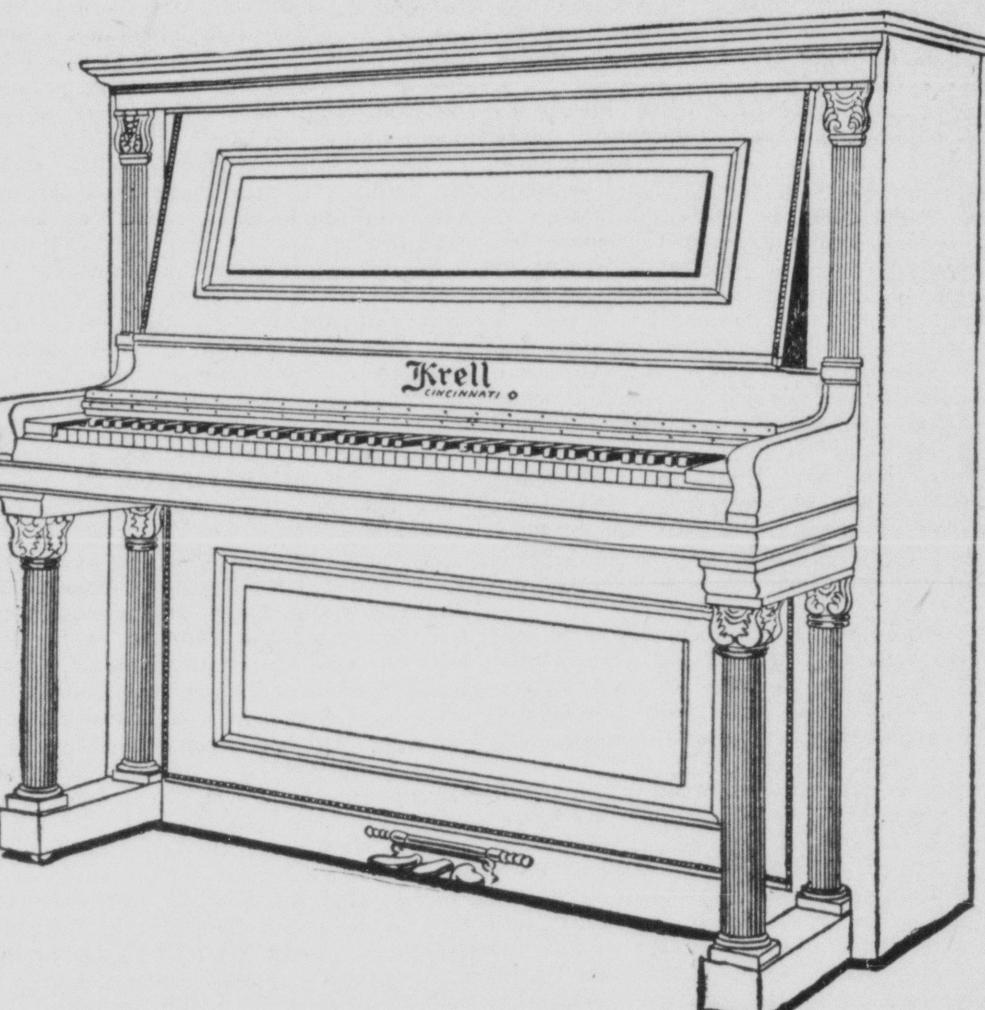
Violin Recital.

Ludwig Becker, the famous concert master and violinist of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, will give a recital at the opera house tomorrow evening under the auspices of the Progressive Music club. The advance sale of tickets indicate that the people of Seymour appreciate the coming of this great master of the violin and will crowd the house. This is a recital you can not afford to miss. It is seldom that so famous a musician

can be secured outside the great cities. If you have not secured tickets do so at once.

A little bustle on the part of a few citizens of Seymour landed an automobile factory, the Lindley Motor Car Company of Dowagiac, Mich. Work is now being pushed on the buildings.—Salem Leader.

Rev. Eggers delivered the sermon at the German Lutheran church Sunday evening in the absence of Rev. Philip Schmidt.



See this Instrument at Harmony Hall
What would make a nicer X-mas present

Harmony Hall

CORNER ST. LOUIS AVE. AND CHESTNUT ST.

Handling the Flour Question-Right

You do not want
common flour
You do want

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Well-Order it - that's all.

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.



Royal Silk Plush Underwear

Warmth Without Weight
Four Colors

\$3.00 the Suit.

Munsing's Union Suits

FIVE GRADES

\$1.00 to \$3.00 the Suit.

Eighteen Other Styles Underwear
50c to \$2.00 the Garment

The Hub

For Sale

\$2000.00 this beautiful home, 8 rooms, 4 closets, hall, gas in every room, summer kitchen, cellar, well cistern, lot 50x120, fruit and sheds and henery.

\$1500.00 this residence, lot 57x157 good location, 4 rooms and summer kitchen, sheds, McCann well, good corner lot.

\$2750.00 for this elegant residence, lot 50x150, bath room, concrete walks, furnace, cellar, sewer, barn, 6 rooms.

\$1200.00 for this fine new home, fine shade, concrete walks, well, 5 rooms, front and rear porch.

Also cheaper and higher priced city property.

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A Woman of Beauty and Elegance
is the one who doesn't allow defective teeth to mar her beauty or her appearance of refinement. A woman who would be attractive and posses a charm of elegance has her teeth regularly attended by a first class dentist, who can remedy all defects by crown or bridge work, and everything pertaining to scientific surgical dentistry at

Dr. B. S. Shinnness.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

Prescriptions
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Robert H. Hall
ARCHITECT
725 N. Ewing St., Seymour, Ind.

T. M. JACKSON,
Jeweler & Optician
104 W. SECOND ST.

PERSONAL.

Charles Huffman was at North Vernon Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Graham visited at Austin Sunday.

N. M. King, of North Vernon, was here Sunday night.

Charles Overman, of Crothersville, was here Sunday night.

Miss Bertha Williams, of Scottsburg, was here Sunday.

Mrs. Louis Becker was an eastbound passenger this morning.

Frank Hackendorf, of Brownstown, was here Sunday evening.

Harlan Montgomery returned to Hanover Sunday evening.

A. E. Black, of Columbus, was in the city Saturday evening.

Frank W. Tech, of Bedford, was in Seymour Sunday afternoon.

Misses Elsie and Luzetta Rust were westbound passengers this morning.

Charles Phelan has returned to Bloomington to resume college work.

Kelsa Bottorff made a business trip out over the Pennsylvania this morning.

Rev. Philip Schmidt was a passenger to Columbus over the interurban line Sunday.

David A. Sherrick came down from Indianapolis this morning and went to Bedford.

Lynn Bollinger has returned to DePauw after spending a few days with home folks.

Miss Myra Huckleberry and Harold Ritter have returned to their college work at Franklin.

J. W. Cunningham of Brownstown was in this city a short time this morning between trains.

Will G. Masters and Frank Montgomery have returned to their college duties at Crawfordsville.

Charles F. Eddinger superintendent of the county poor farm came up from Brownstown this morning.

John H. Conner returned to Indianapolis this afternoon after spending a few days with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark and family went to Little York Saturday afternoon to spend Sunday.

Johnson Bane, the guitarist, went to North Vernon this morning to look after some business there.

Mark Williams made a business trip to Brownstown this morning in the interest of the Prudential.

Mrs. Carl Hodapp returned to Medora this morning after spending Sunday with relatives in this city.

J. F. Tumley made a business trip east this morning in the interest of the Ahlbrand Carriage Company.

Will Abel returned to his duties at Washington, D. C. today after a visit of several days here with relatives.

Cassius McMullen, of Aurora attorney for the B. & O. S. W. railway was passenger to Brownstown to hold court.

Judge Joseph H. Shea returned this morning from a trip to Indianapolis and went to Brownstown to hold court.

Dr. Reed and family, of Salem, were here Saturday to attend the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Huffman.

Elder J. M. Cross, of Nineveh, came here on No. 4 this morning en route home from preaching over Sunday west of here.

Miss Florence Keach, of Crothersville, was in the city a short time this morning from spending Sunday with relatives at Brownstown.

Rev. and Mrs. Biggert, of New Albany came up Saturday afternoon to be present at the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Huffman.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith and children of Medora, got off the nine o'clock train from the north this morning enroute home from a trip north of here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wible and child returned to their home at Jeffersonville this morning after a visit here with relatives. Mr. Wible is an employee of the Pennsylvania railway.

Mrs. Jos. Ackerman and daughter Miss Lettie left this morning on No. 1 for Cannetton to visit Rev. L. H. Ackerman and family. Later Mrs. Ackerman will go to Carmi, Ills to visit Harry G. Ackerman.

Seba A. Barnes, Prosecutor Oren O. Swails, Edward P. Elsner, Thomas M. Honan and Abraham C. Branaman were among the Seymour attorneys who went to Brownstown this morning to look after business in the circuit court.

Michael Seibert came down from Cincinnati Saturday to spend Sunday with his mother and his brother Andrew Seibert. He was accompanied home by his sister, Miss Louise Seibert, who will spend the week in Cincinnati.

Dr. Roy Harris, of Seymour, Ind., Dr. Warren B. Harris and his friend, A. L. Calloway, a prominent dry merchant of Cambridge City, Ind., spent Thanksgiving day with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin L. Harris, at their pleasant home low town.—Rising Sun Local.

Seymour Dry Goods Co.



best of all the famous YANKEE PRINTZESS and Wooltex makes.

Tailored Skirts and Shirt Waists. Come and see, buy what pleases you.



CLAYPOOL & FRY

SUCCESSORS TO L. F. MILLER & CO.

NOTICE

I have a beautiful 9 room, 2 story house for sale or trade for small rentals. A fine home, well located.

E. C. Bollinger, Agt. Phones 1518

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Fire, Tornado, Liability,
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INSURANCE

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Prompt Attention to All Business

Shoe Repairer

P. COLABUONO,

Ladies' and Gents' Shoemaker. Boot and shoe repairing while you wait. Fine work given special attention.

129 S. Chestnut St., Sprenger Bldg.

Ladies and Gentlemen

Take your old clothes to

THE SEYMOUR TAILORS

And have them put in first

class wearing condition.

NORTH CHESTNUT STREET

Next door north of New Pearl Laundry

SUDIE MILLS MATLOCK

Piano Teacher,

Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St.

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LEWIS & SWAILS

LAWYERS

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INSURE YOUR PROPERTY

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Queen Insurance Co.

Assets \$6,844,559.94

GEO. SCHAEFER, Agent. 1st Nat.

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Arthur F. French

SEYMOUR, IND.

Drop a Postal and I Will Call.

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APOLIS. Branch Office, Columbus

YOU'LL be prepared for any weather, any sort of activity, business, pleasure, social affairs and any sort of company, if we get you into one of our FINE SUITS or OVERCOATS.



Every Suit or Overcoat we offer you is value for the price. You may pay here for an OVERCOAT

\$10 to \$25,

For a SUIT

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and you will get real value for your money in a way that no other clothes can give.

Before buying a Suit or an Overcoat come and see our handsome line.

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SEYMORE DAILY REPUBLICAN

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SEYMORE, - - INDIANA.

IN DAYS OF FLINT AND STEEL.

Extraordinary Efforts Required to Get a Fire Burning.

Sixty years ago the use of flint and steel to produce a fire was not wholly unknown. The late William E. Stone of Peoria lived at Beaver, Pa. His father one warm August night was stricken with apoplexy. The fire was out in the kitchen hearth and his mother, in her distress, unable to find the tinder box, was obliged to send his brother, Marsen, two miles and a half to a neighbor. She gave him a handful of tow, which he put in his pocket, says the *Peoria Star*. Arousing a neighbor with some difficulty, she gave him a live coal, which he wrapped in the tow, and, putting it back in his pocket, ran home. When he arrived there he swung the tow around his head, thus fanned the coal and produced a flame which lighted the candle. In the meantime relief had been so long coming that the father was past all saving.

Cannot Find Hansen.

The Norwegian consul general in New York, Christopher Raxn, has asked assistance in an effort to find Capt. Hans Hansen, one of the men who took part in the recent automobile race around the world. Hansen started from New York in the French car, but left it in Chicago and later joined the American car and guided it across Siberia. On his arrival in Paris much feeling was expressed against him and he was even threatened, it is said, because of his leaving the French car and assisting the American car to victory. Members of the party now in New York state that they last saw Hansen in Paris when the party broke up after the race. At that time he had a large sum of money in his possession and intended to go to Tomsk, Siberia, where his wife and child reside. Now it develops that he has not reached that city, and his relatives are unable to find trace of him. Hansen has been a sailor and soldier of fortune, having made many trips in various out-of-the-way corners of the world.

Sheep Raising in Australia.

"Sheep raising conditions are about the same in Australia as they are here," said F. L. Burt of South Dakota, who is engaged in the sheep raising business both in this country and in Australia. "The sheep over there are raised mainly for their wool, although the meat is also quite a valuable product for both the local and export trade. The price of both wool and meat in Australia is regulated by London values. The meat, which is shipped in cold storage vessels, can be kept fresh very easily. Farm laborers in Australia receive in the neighborhood of \$20 a month, which is practically the same as they get here. In the towns the mechanics are paid about \$3.50 to \$4 a day. Living may possibly be a little cheaper over there, but the difference is not very great. As far as agricultural conditions generally are concerned you have many advantages here. The climate in Australia is too dry. The winters there are not so cold, however, and while the summers are hot the heat is not oppressive."

Partridges in Maine.

A feature of this year's hunting season in the Maine woods has been the abundance of partridges. Commenting on the matter, the *Kennebec Journal* says: "A well-known eastern Maine guide claims that the hedgehog law passed by the Legislature four years ago and repealed last season has had the indirect effect of giving the partridges a chance to multiply. This law authorized the payment of a bounty on hedgehogs, and while it was in force resulted in killing off the porcupine almost to the point of extinction. This man says that the hedgehogs eat the eggs of the partridges, and now that there are so few of them many more eggs have a chance to hatch."

The Early Military Band.

A little more than seventy years ago there was no such thing as a brass band in existence. The very first band entirely of brass dates, in fact, no further back than 1835. Prior to that time even our military music was produced almost entirely from instruments of wood, and as recently as 1783 a full regimental band consisted of two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons.

As showing the important part played by the "sounding brass" in our bands to-day it is sufficient to mention that in an up-to-date first class band, of, say, forty-two pieces there would probably be found from eighteen to twenty horns, to say nothing of saxophones, which are partly clarinet and partly horn.—*Tit-Bits*.

Hard Work.

On a journey through the south not long ago, Wu Ting Fang was impressed by the preponderance of negro labor in one of the cities he visited. Wherever the entertainment committee led him, whether to factory, store or suburban plantation, all the hard work seemed to be done by the black men.

Minister Wu made no comment at the time, but in the evening when he was a spectator at a ball given in his honor, after watching the waltzing and two-stepping for half an hour, he remarked to his host:

"Why don't you make the negroes do that for you, too?"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Siege of Crete.

Crete, which has just declared its union with Greece, can claim to have been the scene of one of the longest sieges on record—longer than the siege of Troy—for in the Seventh century it took the Turks more than twenty years to capture its capital city. The island, in fact, is famous for protracted military operations, for though the revolution of 1821 was speedily successful in the open country, the fortified towns were still uncaptured in 1830.—*London Chronicle*.

Innovation in Parish Life.

The first of a series of social evenings will be held at the parish house of St. John's Episcopal church on South Pierce street on November 19. Refreshments will be served and there will be dancing. This series marks an innovation in parish life, and is designed to emphasize more than ever the social side.

The annual bazaar of the parish will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, December 2 and 3, in the afternoon and evening of each day.

Begging Off.

Dumley—Say, you'd better take something for that cold, old man. Now—

Wise—Don't offer me any more, please. I've taken too much already.

Dumley—Too much what?

Wise—Advice.—*Philadelphia Press*.

CUPID'S AIM.

Tom loves winsome Daisy,
And Daisy favors Will;
Will makes eyes at Matzie,
While Matzie pines for Bill;
Philines pines at Doty,
And Doty longs for Ted;
Ted loves only Polly,
And Polly loves for Ned.

Thus the lovers stupid
Sorrowing are fixed,
When young Mr. Cupid
Gets his arrows mixed.

—Claire M. Carberry in *Smart Set*.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS.

Not long ago a grizzled millionaire miner from the far west dropped into town. He occupied a superb suite in one of Washington's most luxurious hotels during his stay here. Among his callers was a young man from his own state. This young man married, not long ago, a young woman "out home."

"I got the water from the creek, about

400 yards back of the shack. Used to

fill up the three big barrels once a week and let the water settle.

"Didn't have any fresh meat, unless I

shot it o' Sundays—freighters used to

fetch in the salt meat once a week, over

the trail. Canned vegetables, too, and

scandalously high they were.

"I'd started a truck patch, but the soil

wasn't adapted to truck raising. All

right for flowers, though. Mary got hold

of some flower seeds—subscribed to a

dollar-a-year weekly, I believe, and got

the seeds as a subscription prize—and

she had the prettiest little garden of

flowers in front of the shack you ever

saw; sweet William and pansies and

bachelor's buttons and china asters and

marigolds and old things like those.

"She used to sit in that teeny flower

garden of summer evenings and play on

the little old ten-stringed zither, fixed

out with numbers for each string, that

I got for her down at Boise. Mighty

fetching and sweet the music from the

zither sounded, too, out there in the

open air with the wind stirring through

the branches overhead, and Mary with

her pretty head, and a flower in her dark

hair, tilted back against a tree, humming

the tunes she played.

"Our first born arrived in that shack.

The medical man who officiated on that

occasion was a fellow who'd been arrested

and locked up for horse stealing.

They allowed him to come to our shack

in company with a deputy marshal, and

then they took him back to the lockup

again.

"Well, Mary and I—and, later, the

first one—kept house in that little, old

hand-made shack, squatting at the base

of the mountain, for three years. Speaking

for myself—and if Mary was on

earth she'd join me in saying it—those

were far and away the happiest years

of our lives, they sure were."

After some music the old man took

his leave, with cheery praises for the

young wife's dinner of shoulder and

greens. The two young people sat pen-

sive and silent for quite a while after

the old gentleman had gone.

"I guess our little flat isn't so dinky,

after all, eh, little woman?" said the

young husband then, pinching his wife's

cheek.—*Washington Star*.

on my way to work and on my way home. And it was a home, plumb and proper—never had any such home since.

"I made the stove myself, too, out of an old rusty two-horsepower boiler that I cribbed from the engine house. Made most of the furniture, too, including the bed, spare times. Wagon freighting was costly, and beds and gear like that ready made, cost a heap of money out there those days—anyhow, they were beyond me.

"Had a rag carpet on the floor of the shack that Mary'd been making herself, after school hours, for a year. Dishes were mostly wooden—I was pretty handy with a jackknife those days. Had calico curtains in the one window—Mary had an artistic eye, and the way she draped those curtains sure was something dainty.

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the old gentleman had gone.

"I guess our little flat isn't so dinky,

after all, eh, little woman?" said the

young husband then, pinching his wife's

cheek.—*Washington Star*.

How Could He, Indeed!

It was the day of the big brother's club's picnic. Five-year-old Samuel had never been to a picnic, but his visits to the settlement, which was the meeting place of big brother's club, had been productive of sundry pats of encouragement, to say nothing of occasional posies and red apples, and he knew that the picnic, for which his mother

AN OCTOBER NIGHT.

The flags of the day are furled.
The hosts of the wind are still:
You can see where their tents are pitched
Over beyond the hill.

You can see where the sentries walk;
The dead leaves stir as they pass;
An outpost bird in the hedge,
And the cricket scouts in the grass.

—James Owen Tryon in *Broadway Magazine*.

HIS VOICE.

We all have our little weaknesses; we all fancy ourselves particularly good at something or other—and probably we are nothing of the sort.

I remind you of this because I don't want you to laugh at Bob Pengelly too much, as, apart from his one little delusion, he was really a very decent sort indeed.

Cornwall and Wales are very similar in one respect—the inhabitants of both are very fond and very proud of their singing. In Cornwall they call it a "gift," and a gift is supposed to run in families. That was really how the idea that he could sing got so firmly implanted in Bob's head.

He took his place in the choir of the little Wesleyan chapel, and no one liked to hurt his feelings or minded till Hilda Trevena, who had been away teaching in London, came home to look after her widowed father. Quite naturally, she took command of the whole tiny fishing village as well as her father, and, incidentally, became organist of the unpretentious choir.

Now Hilda Trevena was a very fine, lovable maid of 22, and Bob Pengelly was a fine youth of much the same age. It was only to be expected, therefore, that on summer evenings they should fall into a habit of strolling along the cliffs. It was only to be expected, also, that one night Bob should find himself tongue-tied, and yet madly anxious to speak, and should finally blurt out:

"Hilda, I love 'ee!"

Two nights later, as they sat silent for a minute or two, after a couple of hours of lover-talk, Hilda, from the best of motives, blundered:

"Bob," she said, "now we are engaged, we can speak plainly to each other. Would you mind not singing in the choir any more?"

"Why, what do 'ee mean?" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "Not sing in the choir, when I've sung there since I were ten?"

"You see, dear, I want to make our choir a special one. I don't want any but really good voices in it."

"Everyone'll tell 'ee as I've always had as fine a voice as any hereabouts!" he protested.

"It may have been good once, Bob," she said gently, "but it's certainly not good now."

He took his arm from around her waist, and sat up stiffly.

"I certainly never 'spected to hear from you, Hilda; that I can't sing!" he said.

"Don't be angry!" she pleaded.

The end of it was a quarrel—a real, hot Cornish quarrel, in which each said twice as much as either meant, in as nasty a way as possible.

Hilda's father was undoubtedly the leading man of Polpenny, since he was the owner of the fish factory.

The news that his daughter's engagement to Bob Pengelly had been suddenly broken off came at a time when he was too much perturbed to give it much attention. A certain fishing company, owning a large steam fleet, having a glut of pilchards, had telegraphed him an offer of a cargo at an extremely low price. He had wired back his acceptance, and the steamer was due to arrive from Plymouth about half-past 10. And during breakfast, while Hilda was telling her news, and trying to pretend to him and herself that she did not care, his thoughts were mainly occupied with wondering what the fishermen of Polpenny would say and do when the steamer appeared.

They were all drift net fishers at Polpenny, and the pilchard catch was their principal means of livelihood. A bad season meant a hard winter—pinched cheeks for the mothers, tightened belts for the fathers, and no boats for the children. The fish factory was their only market. All their fish were sold for cash to John Trevena. If he bought the fish he needed for his customers elsewhere at a lower price, what was to become of the Polpenny fishermen?

As John Trevena drank his coffee that morning he regretted that he had accepted the steam company's offer. When the steamer hove in sight, a group of highly indignant fishermen were waiting on the quay of the little harbor to welcome it.

"What's to do, lads?" asked one. "We'll stand quiet and see the bread will eat our children's mouths!"

"Remember the winter that's coming," said another, "and let's pitch his fish over the side dreckly he comes into harbor!"

"Nay, let's prevent him landin' at all," suggested a third. "Let's out wi' the boom, so he can't get in!"

The entrance to Polpenny harbor was a passage between two rocky cliffs, at the outside twenty-five feet wide; and the boom was a heavy beam, which was placed across this entrance on stormy nights, to serve the double purpose of breaking the force of the waves, and preventing any of the boats being washed out to sea.

The village policeman, who had been listening with interest, entered an official protest.

"Look here, mates," he said, "I don't say as I don't sympathize wi' 'ee; but the law's the law, and I've got to do my duty. Anyone as illegally prevents a ship from entering will ha' to be arrested!"

"All right, Ned!" exclaimed Bob Pengelly. "Us won't do anything illegal!"

"Illegal or not, us have got to keep that chap hanging about outside with his cargo till it's gone bad!" said an old fisherman surlily.

"He's took up wi' Trevena's daughter," jeered another, "so o' course he stands up for the old skinfint!"

"It's all off with Trevena's daughter," declared Bob hotly, "and I'm going to teach Trevena a legal lesson all by myself."

He jumped into a big, clumsy, leaky old rowing-boat, such as you may see rotting in any harbor. She was already half full, and he made no attempt to bail her out, but pushed off, standing in water up to his knees. By the time he had poled the boat across the basin she was in imminent danger of sinking; but he managed to keep her afloat till the

fairway was reached; and then he let her sink as nearly as possible in the middle, and swam back to his mates on the quay.

"There!" he laughed to the constable. "I couldn't help having an accident, and getting sunk right in the harbor mouth, could I?"

With her deeper draught, no steamer could enter that shallow little harbor now, however high the tide, but the light, handy little fisher-boats could go in and out as usual.

"He's done me," said John Trevena to his daughter. "By sundown they'll have to throw the lot overboard, and I shall have to pay just the same!"

"It was too bad of you, father, to buy them at all," Hilda answered. "You ought to have thought of the fisherman men!"

"Hold your tongue!" he said angrily. "Can't I make a bargain when it's offered?"

He stood there thinking.

"That fish could be landed in the steamer's boats as sure as my name's John!" he announced. He took down his fowling-piece, and deliberately loaded it.

"Oh, father!" Hilda exclaimed, aghast. "Be quiet!" he snapped, and stalked out to the group on the quay.

"Those pilchards are coming ashore now, my lads!" he said determinedly.

Cowed, each afraid that if John Trevena fired he would be hit, they stayed, and watched in silent silence till the last boatload had been carried into the factory.

Fearing that the factory would be broken into in the night and the fish destroyed, John Trevena insisted upon keeping watch there with his fowling-piece.

Hilda, alone in the house, tossed unhappy in her bed. She was utterly miserable, and could not sleep.

Suddenly she jumped out of bed and ran to the window, frightened by an unnatural glare in the sky. The fish factory was on fire. Some ungovernable spirits among the fishermen had chosen that way of revenging themselves.

Hastily throwing on some clothes, she rushed out, making her way through the crowd of onlookers straight to Bob Pengelly, their quarrel forgotten, her instinct urging her to turn to the man she loved.

"Where's my father?" she cried, laying a trembling hand upon his arm.

"Isn't he at home in bed?" Bob queried anxiously.

"No," she moaned. "He would spend the night in the factory on guard! Oh, save him, Bob!" she pleaded. "Let him not really mean any harm! Don't let him be burnt to death!"

"I'll save him, dear," Bob answered shortly. "This be none o' my work!"

And without more ado he pounced into the flames.

The acrid smoke which arose from the coarse pilchard oil as it burned, and the hot air he had to breathe, scorched his lungs; but he groped about until he found the body of John Trevena lying on the floor. Each breath was like a stab with a redhot iron, and he dared not open his eyes. Blindly, desperately, he dragged the unconscious man along until his head swam, and his legs gave way beneath him. Struggling up again by a superhuman effort, he managed to regain the open air with his burden, and fell in a dead faint at Hilda's feet.

An hour later he lay in a bed in John Trevena's house, with Hilda and the doctor standing over him.

"Now I am allowed to speak again," said Bob Pengelly, in a thin, husky whisper, "I should like to tell you how grateful I am and how much I love you!"

"It is I who should be grateful to you for saving my father's life," said Hilda, leaning down so that her face was close to his.

He raised his head, and kissed her full upon the lips.

"There, dear!" he whispered, in the same wheezy, asthmatical voice. "Us never quarrel again. And you'll try, sweetheart, to learn to like my singing, won't you?"

Walking along the river at Beach Haven, Pa., Augustus Remaley saw a fine specimen of blue heron evidently unable to fly. Attracted by the beautiful bird's distress, he discovered that a clam or freshwater mussel had closed tightly about the bird's toe and held it so securely that it could not get away, while in the bird's mouth was a small fish.

James Gorsuch, a hotel man of Altoona, Pa., had scarlet fever when 10 months old, and became deaf in his left ear. Following a flash of lightning during a storm he felt a stinging sensation in the ear, and, after it passed away, he discovered that he could hear with it as well as with the other.

"Don't look so unhappy," Hilda begged. "You lost your voice doing a brave deed; and—and you'll have me, you know!"

"Never be able to sing any more!" he echoed, his face falling at the thought of being thus forced to give up the only hobby of his life.

"Your—your voice will always be like this now," she faltered. "You'll never be able to sing any more!"

"Never be able to sing any more!" he echoed, his face falling at the thought of being thus forced to give up the only hobby of his life.

"Yes," he responded, more cheerfully. "I shall have you, and I shall also have the memory of how I could sing once to look back upon!" Harold Harmer in *Answers*.

A Natural Error.

A group of aeronauts were telling balloon stories in the smoking room of a Chicago hotel. Capt. H. E. Honeywell, who, with the Fielding-Antonio balloon, was later to win renown, laughed and said:

"The great Elyot made a balloon ascent from Charleston one hot summer afternoon. A thunder storm came up, Elyot, amid buckets of rain, the roar of thunder and the flash of lightning, was blown about like thistledown. On toward midnight he found himself over a plantation and threw out his anchor—a grapnel at the end of a long rope.

"It happened that a colored man had died in one of the huts of this plantation. The funeral was to take place in the morning. A dozen friends of the dead man sat in the soft summer night before the hut, telling ghost stories.

"Suddenly, in the darkness above them they heard strange noises—a flapping of great wings, menacing cries. And they saw dimly a formless black shape.

"All but one man ran. This old man, as he cowered on his stool, had the ill luck to be seized by the grapnel.

"The grapnel, going at a great pace, whirled him up 4 or 5 feet in the air and jerked him along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour."

"O, massa, so massa!" he yelled, squirming and kicking in that strange flight.

"Tse not de one! Tse not de capswop! Dick's in de house, dash! In de house, dash!"—*New York Tribune*.

Spending It in New York.

Upton Sinclair, the noted young novelist, said the other day of a spendthrift poet:

"He is a very witty fellow. Recently he became quite destitute. In his garret in New York he lived for some weeks on bread and olive oil. His friends talked of taking up a collection to send him to Canada, where he had influential friends who would give him work."

"I reported this project to the young Bohemian, but he scoffed at it.

"Who would emigrate to Canada," he said, "if he had the money to emigrate with?"—*Washington Sun*.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

As a Northern Central passenger train passed Jacobs Mills, two miles east of Hanover, Pa., a young chicken was caught by the cowcatcher. When the train arrived in Hanover the fowl was sitting on the front part of the engine unharmed.

Gold nuggets weighing half a pound each were found by Morris Hurwitz while digging at Moneta and Santa Barbara avenues in Los Angeles, Cal. Four of these yellow chunks which Hurwitz picked up proved to be worth \$500 each.

The other day about twenty boys, averaging 13 years of age, marched down one of the main thoroughfares laden with a dozen panes of window glass, each lad going toward the canning factory recently moved to Trafalgar, Ind., from Greensburg. Rubber strings recently have become popular among the boys and several days ago they broke all of the 200 windows in the factory. The firm announced they would take the matter to court unless restitution was made immediately. The boys held a council and the other day returned the glass.

While raising a telephone pole, Philip Briggs, a lineman, of Altoona, Pa., was hurled through a paling fence, landing twenty feet on the other side and escaping with few bruises. One of the guy wires broke, and the end of the heavy pole, poised in midair, swung like a pendulum and sent him flying like a golf ball.

When "Whispering Bill" Green, a millionaire cattleman of western Colorado, reached the Albany hotel dinner table in Denver in his shirt sleeves he was told by the head waiter that unless he donned a coat he would not be served. He appealed to the manager, who allowed Green to eat after he had donned a "jumper" from his grip.

When a "Whispering Bill" Green, a millionaire cattleman of western Colorado, reached the Albany hotel dinner table in Denver in his shirt sleeves he was told by the head waiter that unless he donned a coat he would not be served. He appealed to the manager, who allowed Green to eat after he had donned a "jumper" from his grip.

Dobbin, the faithful roan horse that for twenty years has drawn Cyrus Bottner and his family to the Dutch Reformed church in Clinton, N. J., was unspotted by a spirited horse that has fine action. When Bottner harnessed the new horse to the family carriage Sunday, Dobbin kicked splinters from the sides of its stall and tried to break its halter. But the Bottners drove away. Service had scarcely begun when Dobbin appeared at the church and neighed so loud that service was disturbed. Bottner took the new horse out of the shafts and harnessed Dobbin in their place. Dobbin kicked the ear over his wrist, and was quickly clubbed to death. It was thirty inches long.

Seeing a large chicken hawk on a tree, Peter Querin of Altoona, Pa., investigated and found that one of its legs was bound to the limb, and captured it. It is presumed the hawk became entangled in a cord, carried it to the limb, and while trying to free itself became more entangled.

Benjamin Robison of New Albany, Ind., found a copperhead snake coiled up in a pair of trousers at his home the other day. He removed the trousers from a closet nail and felt a squirming movement in one of the legs. He gave the trousers a shake and the snake dropped to the floor and was quickly clubbed to death. It was thirty inches long.

Attacked and severely bitten by a pet cat, it is probable that Mrs. C. H. Robinson of 1234 East Twenty-second street, Wilmington, Del., would have lost one of her hands had it not been for an heroic remedy applied by a strange man who was passing her home and witnessed the attack. He sucked the blood from the wounds, and it is thought he drew out the poison from the animal's teeth in this way. Mrs. Robinson is recovering, although it was thought amputation would have to be resorted to save her hand.

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A stairway in the \$5000 residence being built for Mrs. Mollie Hayes on her farm near Greenfield, Ind., is out of the ordinary, in that it is constructed of the finest quality of black walnut boards that formed the floor of the hayloft in an old barn on the farm. The barn was built over fifty years ago, when the walnut timber was plentiful, and was commonly used for fence rails.

Several changes are being made in the various Chinese consuls. The British consul, Alexander Finn, a social favorite, is still on sick leave, and Thomas Erskine, consul at St. Louis, is acting in his absence, while a new vice consul, Alexander Adams, young and unattached matrimonially, has just arrived. Baron Schilling, the new Russian consul, has taken an apartment on the north side of Chicago, and he and the baroness promise to be as acceptable socially as Baron Schlippenbach, who left recently.

Guests invited to attend the wedding of Miss Nora Humphrey of Flushing, O., and Walter Woodward of Columbus, O., were given a great surprise on arriving at the home of the bride, says the Utica Press. A conference was held a short time before the service between the bride, the bridegroom and Charles Llewellyn, who was to have been the best man. When the guests had assembled in the parlors of the Humphrey home Rev. W. G. Todd, the officiating minister, announced that there had been a change in the wedding arrangements. He said Miss Humphrey and Woodward had talked over the matter, and, as Miss Humphrey was of the opinion that she loved Llewellyn best, Woodward had consented to act as best man, while Llewellyn would be bridegroom. The arrangement was entirely satisfactory to the parties concerned, and, although the guests were taken by surprise, the usual congratulations and good wishes were extended.

Charles McCoy, a Covington, Ky., "steeplejack," fell fifty feet from a smokestack and was around town the day after telling his friends how it all happened. McCoy was painting the smokestack on the Perin Flour company's building, at the Cincinnati end of the suspension bridge, when the big pole on which he was raising his paint bucket over and knocked McCoy off his swing seat. He fell headlong through the air. About twenty feet down he struck one of the arms that brace the pipe. He tried to hold on to this support, but he merely checked his fall to the top of the roof of the adjoining building. Fellow workers rushed to his aid, expecting to pick him up a mangled corpse, but McCoy was on his feet dusting off his clothes.

After serving five years at the McNeil's island penitentiary for the theft of gold dust from the Wild Goose Mining company of Nome, Alaska, by which company he was employed as confidential clerk, George Tolman returned to Nome and again has taken up his duties as clerk for the company. This is said to be the first sentence of any person convicted of theft and sentenced to McNeil's island in which the employer has re-employed the thief after

ker Testifies
Wm. J. F. Reynolds Un-
able to Walk

Munyon's Rheumatic Remedy Made
Him Well

Mr. Wm. J. F. Reynolds, ex-banker and
financier, writes: Phila., Oct. 29, 1907. "I
was perfectly helpless with rheumatism. I
could not walk, could not stand. My
feet, ankles and hands were stiff and swol-
len, and I did not know for a night's rest
for more than a year. I used every available
remedy known, with little or no relief. A friend advised Munyon's Rheumatic Remedy and reluctantly I tried it. The first bottle relieved and I purchased another. Before the second bottle had been
half used, I was absolutely and perfectly
cured. I never felt better in my life than
I feel now."

"I shall always be but too happy to give
a fuller account of what Munyon's wonder-
ful Rheumatic Remedy did for me, and
cheerfully invite any sufferer to visit or
correspond with me upon the subject."

W. M. J. F. REYNOLDS,

1313 Arch St.

This testimonial was written nearly a
year ago. We wrote to Mr. Reynolds on
October 2, 1908, asking how he was getting
on. This is his answer: "I want to
say that I have not had the slightest touch
of rheumatism for nearly a year. Your
Munyon's Remedy has rid me of every particle
of rheumatism from my system. You are
at liberty to use my name as reference in
any way you please."

If you have stiff or swollen joints, if you have sharp,
shooting pains in the arms, legs, side, breast,
or any part of the body, don't fail to take
Munyon's Rheumatic Cure. It contains
no salicylic acid, no morphine, no opium,
no cocaine. It is absolutely harmless. It
neutralizes the uric acid and eliminates all
rheumatic poisons from the system. A 25c
bottle often makes a complete cure. Get
a bottle today and if you are not satisfied
with the results, I will refund the money.
MUNYON."

Indianapolis and Louisville
Traction Company



In Effect Sept. 12, 1908.

THE HOOSIER LIMITEDS leave Sey-
mour northbound for Columbus, Edin-
burg, Franklin, Greenwood and Indi-
anapolis at: 10:14 a. m., 1:14, 4:14
and 9:14 p. m.

THE DIXIE LIMITEDS leave Seymour
southbound for Cynthierville, Scotts-
burg, Sellersburg, Watson Junction,
Jeffersonville and Louisville at: 9:09
a. m., 12:09, 4:09 and 8:09 p. m.

LOCAL CARS leave Seymour SOUTH
BOUND for Louisville and all inter-
mediate points at: 5:54, 7:54, (8:54
(For Scottsburg,) 9:54, 10:54 a. m.,
12:54, 2:54, 4:54, 5:54, (7:54 (For
Scottsburg,) 8:54 and (11:00 p. m.
(For Scottsburg.)

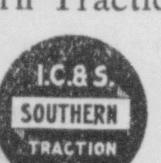
Cars make direct connections at
Seymour with cars of the I. C. & S.
Traction Co., for Indianapolis and
intermediate points, also with trains
of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana
R. R. for all points east and
west of Seymour.

For rates and information see Agents
and official time table folders in all
cars.

SEYMOUR TERMINAL—On Second St.,
between Indpls. Ave. & Ewing Sts.

H. D. MURDOCK, Supt.
Scottsburg, Ind.

Indianapolis, Columbus and
Southern Traction Co.



In effect Nov. 22, 1908.

THE HOOSIER LIMITEDS leave Sey-
mour northbound for Columbus, Edin-
burg, Franklin, Greenwood and Indi-
anapolis at: 10:16 a. m., 1:16, 4:16
and 9:16 p. m.

SEYMORE-INDIANAPOLIS LIMITEDS leave Sey-
mour northbound for Columbus, Edin-
burg, Franklin, Greenwood and Indi-
anapolis at: 6:53, 8:53, 9:53 and
every hour thereafter until 4:53,
6:53 and 7:53, and at 8:53 and 10:20 for
Greenwood, and at 11:55 for Colum-
bus.

LOCAL CARS leave Seymour north-
bound for Indianapolis and all inter-
mediate points at 6:53, 8:53, 9:53 and
every hour thereafter until 4:53,
6:53 and 7:53, and at 8:53 and 10:20 for
Greenwood, and at 11:55 for Colum-
bus.

Cars make direct connections at
Seymour with cars of the I. C. & S.
Traction Co., for Louisville and all
intermediate points, also with trains
of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana
R. R. for all points east and
west of Seymour.

For rates and full information see
agents and official time table folders
in all cars.

A. A. ANDERSON, Gen. Mgr.
Columbus, Indiana.

Southern Indiana
Railway Co.

TIME TABLE

North Bound.

	No. 4	No. 6
Lv Seymour	7:45 a m	5:00 p m
Lv Bedford	9:05 a m	6:20 p m
Lv Odon	10:13 a m	7:28 p m
Lv Elvora	10:24 a m	7:39 p m
Lv Beehunder	10:38 a m	7:51 p m
Lv Linton	10:53 a m	8:12 p m
Lv Jasonville	11:19 a m	8:39 p m
Ar Terre Haute	12:15 a m	9:35 p m
No. 25, Mixed, Leaves Seymour at 2:25 p m, arrive at Westport 4:10 p m		

South Bound

	No. 1	No. 3
Lv Terre Haute	6:30 a m	12:30 p m
Lv Jasonville	7:27 a m	1:27 p m
Lv Linton	7:52 a m	1:52 p m
Lv Beehunder	8:07 a m	2:07 p m
Lv Elvora	8:21 a m	2:21 p m
Lv Odon	8:31 a m	2:31 p m
Lv Bedford	9:45 a m	3:45 p m
Ar Seymour	11:00 a m	5:00 p m

No. 28 mixed leaves Westport 4:10 p m
arrives at Seymour 6:25 p m

For time tables and further imfor-
mation, apply to local agent, or

H. P. RADLEY, G. P. & T. A.
Grand Opera House, Terre Haute.

REVOLUTION IS PUSHING ALONG

Haitian Government In Fair
Way to Be Overthrown.

REBELS NEARING THE CAPITAL

Under Command of the Determined
General Simon, Following Up the
Revolutionist Victory at Anse a Veau,
the Opponents of President Nord
Alexis Are Pushing Along to Port au
Prince and the Next Forty-Eight
Hours May Witness Bloody Battle at
Gates of Island Capital.

Port au Prince, Nov. 30.—The revolutionists,
under command of General Antoine Simon, the former commander
of the department of the south, following
up their victory over the government
forces at Anse a Veau, are pushing
on to Port au Prince. They have
driven back the government troops
many miles and have seized the towns
of Miragoane and Petit Goave. It is
believed that General Celestin Cyri-
aque, minister of war, who took refuge

Dogs Couldn't Trail Night Riders.

Guildford, Ind., Nov. 30.—Bloodhounds
failed to find the supposed night riders
who destroyed the barn of Frank Little
at Homestead. The dogs, brought
here from Lexington, Ky., followed the
trail a short distance, but a heavy rain
had destroyed the scent. The tobacco,
valued at over \$1,000, was the property
of John Probst.

How to Cure Skin Diseases.

The germ and their poisons must be
drawn to the surface of the skin and
destroyed. Zemo will do this and
cure any case of skin or scalp disease
no matter from what cause of how
long standing. Write for sample. E.
W. Rose Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo.
See photos of cures in window or
showcase display at A. J. Pellens
drug store.

They Took It to Heart.

Evansville, Ind., Nov. 30.—Following
a quarrel with his father, who refused
to lend him 25 cents and a horse, Harry
Lockyer, twenty years old, a farmer's
boy, shot himself through the chest
and died at St. Mary's hospital.

A Sure-Enough Knocker.

J. C. Goodwin of Reidsville, N. C.,
says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve is a
sure enough knocker for ulcers. A
bad one came on my leg last summer,
but that wonderful salve knocked
it out in a few rounds. Not even a
scar remained." Guaranteed for piles,
sores, burns, etc. 25c. at W. F. Peters
drug store.

Report of Disaster Unfounded.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Nov. 28.—The
Canadian Pacific steamer Manitoba,
which was reported stranded off
Whitefish Point, arrived safely at Sault
Ste. Marie, Ont. The Manitoba had a
stormy passage from Port Arthur.

They Take the Kinks out.

"I have used Dr. King's New Life
Pills for many years, with increasing
satisfaction. They take the kinks out
of stomach, liver and bowels without
uss or friction," says N. H. Brown of
Pittsburg, Vt. Guaranteed satisfac-
tion at W. F. Peters drug store. 25c.

Slot Machines Must Go.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 30.—A crusade
against slot machines of all kinds
has been started by the police depart-
ment. All the machines, whether pay-
ing in coin or merchandise, have been
placed under the ban.

An Article of Great Merit.

Zemo has stood the test of time and is
now recognized the best known remedy
for the positive and permanent cure of
Eczema, Pimples, Dandruff, Piles,
Cuts, Scalds and Sores. An honest
medicine that makes honest cures.
For sale by A. J. Pellens.

E. E. Lindsay, of Columbus, was in
town Sunday evening.

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys, surely point to weak Kidney
Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the
liver, and their weakness, not in the organ
itself, but in the nervous and connective tissue
around it, is the cause of many diseases.
Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine
specifically prepared to reach these
controlling nerves. To doctor the Kidneys alone
is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as
well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine
seeds, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms
of Bright's or other disorders, or dangerous
kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—
Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will
do for you. Druggist recommend and sell.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
A. J. PELLENS.

CAN'T BE SEPARATED.

Some Seymour People Have Learned
How to Get Rid of Both.

Backache and kidney ache are twin
brothers. You can't separate them.
And you can't get rid of the back-
ache until you cure the kidney ache. If the
kidneys are well and strong, the rest
of the system is pretty sure to be in
vigorous health. Doan's Kidney Pills
make strong healthy kidneys.

Mrs. Fred Knoll, 130 McKee Street
Greensburg, Ind. says: "I was feeling
very miserable suffering from kidney
trouble, I had no strength of ambition
and was unable to sleep at night. I
could not attend to my household
duties on account of the severe back-
aches I suffered, together with sharp
shooting pains across my loins and hard
headaches; My kidneys were
much disordered, and their action too
frequent causing me to get up very
often at night to avoid the secretions
which were also highly colored. After
using Doan's Kidney Pills all these
troubles disappeared; I have no more
backache, pains in the loins or head-
aches and my kidneys act regularly
Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of all
these ailments and I can recommend
them to anyone who has suffered as
I did.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50
cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo,
New York, sole agents for the United
States. Remember the name Doan's
and take no other.

Dogs Couldn't Trail Night Riders.

Guildford, Ind., Nov. 30.—Bloodhounds
failed to find the supposed night riders
who destroyed the barn of Frank Little
at Homestead. The dogs, brought
here from Lexington, Ky., followed the
trail a short distance, but a heavy rain
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valued at over \$1,000, was the property
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